



ULTRA GASH INFERNO

erotic-gratesque manga by

Suehiro Maruo



ULTRA-GASH INFERNO

Graphic art by Suehiro Maruo in the Japanese "erotic-protesque" (ero-guro) style of manga, a unique fusion of sex and violence unlike anything seen in Western comics. With influences ranging from 19th century atrocity prints to the Sex Pistols, and obsessions with horror, scatology and human freaks, Maruo has taken this sado-erotic art form to its ultimate extreme.



Ultra-Gash Inferno is the ultimate compendium of Suehiro Maruo's most shocking and graphically precise work, containing nine psycho-nightmares never before translated and published in English. With a translation by James Haver and Takako Shinkoda, and an introduction by Roman Slacombé.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AND PUBLISHED UNDER LICENSE FROM SEISHIN, JAPAN

WARNING! CONTAINS ADULT MATERIAL!

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ULTRA-GASH INFERNO

Suehiro Maruo





CREDITS

ULTRA-GASH INFERNO

Suehiro Maruo

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CONTENTS

5	INTRODUCTION by Remon Smeets
7	PUTRID NIGHT (1981)
23	SEWER BOY (1981)
43	A SEASON IN HELL (1981)
57	SHIT SOUP (1982)
73	THE GREAT MASTURBATOR (1982)
91	PUTRID NIGHT: BAVEN OF OEDIPUS (1982)
107	SEWER BOY: PARADISE (1982)
123	VOYEUR IN THE ATTIC (1992)
131	NON-RESISTANCE CITY (1993)

INTRODUCTION

It was the middle of the eighties. I was leafing through the graphic section of the large bookshop inside Laforet department store, in Jingumae, a trendy district of Tokyo. I'm usually not so keen on Japanese comic art — manga — but that day I came across three books obviously by the same author which I'd never seen before. A cartoon Mr. Sachiro Murao. The covers reminded me of old Japanese children's books, of the twenties or the thirties. I began to read — impressed from the start by the purity, elegance, firmness of the line. And I fell into the trap. As though I was being sucked in by quicksand, or gobbled up by some venomous flower: all the way to the bottom of a sweet, scarfed, delicate, exquisite kingdom of Hell, where orphan girls were raped by monsters from travelling shows, where pale schoolboys looked like eyes of hell and perverted young women whose bodies met Edogawa Ranpo, where sweat and blood dreamed, mixed with sperm.

The pallid, scarred and bloody ghosts of Japan's Tokei era — a brief, decadent period — here come with the schizophrenic, moorish masters of German expressionist cinema. I couldn't put these books down: for I was already contaminated by the fearsome Murao virus. Sipping out from the painstakingly dragged pages, I watched decay, abhorrence, decomposition, anxiety, degeneration, murder, cruelty, decay, perversion, mutilation, masturbation, violence, misfortune, fatality — these words, concepts, impressions fused inside my brain so as to, before my helpless eyes, hurt down: corrupt, deprave, soil, pollute, and finally suck and devour flesh-like, all innocence, naivety, purity, youth and femininity.

Then, some fifteen years later, I had the occasion to visit Sachiro Murao, in his tiny flat, near Ueno station. I was equipped with a small digital camera, and escorted by a Japanese girl, Satsuko (who dreamed of meeting her doll). The sources of his inspiration were everywhere around us: post-war film posters, covers of horror films, binders filled with old postcards, etc. The camera started and I asked my first question. They were longer than Murao's answers: — Yes — No — Mmm — Yes, probably — No — Not really — Yes, that film is very weird — No, I don't think so — Mmm — And so on. My interview only really loosened up when beginning to bring out the indecencies, the miasmas of his youth, all the fetiches of his unquenchable nostalgia. Then he talked and talked, commenting and reminiscing about every scene with glee. I already admired the craftsman, now I admired the man. A man perhaps totally defenceless in front of a stupid and materialistic society — which doesn't even order an illustration from him — but strong with all his ambivalence, his forthrightness to his own world. And now that at last these drawings are published, for the first time in English, and that you have already made the fatal mistake of opening this book, all you have to do is to tumble down, gently, delightfully, into his kingdom as if into the mouth of the mystery train's tunnel from some gloomy and decadent far fair where you'll remain, like me, Sachiro Murao's prisoner, for eternity.

Roman Szurmán, Paris, February 2001

NOTE

Ultraman-Goth Inferno has been printed in the same page order as Suckien Moruo's original manga, in order to preserve his design and narrative flow. Sound effects have been left in the original Japanese lettering — as have certain titles and dialogue — as a visual enhancement.

The pages, and the text on each page, should be read from right to left — the opposite way to English. You will therefore find page 1 of *Ultraman-Goth Inferno* at the back of this book. The first story, *Patid Night*, is filed on page 7 (opposite) and you should start to read it from the top right of page 8.

腐夕夜

PUTRID
NIGHT





THEir HIGH SCHOOL AND
BANKING
TECHNIQUES

SOMEONE HONORED
ALL THE HADY
BANKERS OF A
CITY...

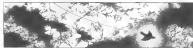


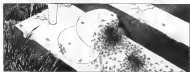
SHOWN-ING 14
YEARS OLD WHEN
SHE BECAME THE
LARGEST WIFE OF
THE HADY WIFE
IN TOWN - GARY
POWELL





SAYOKOI





I CAN'T
CONSIDER HIM
MY MURDER?



YOUR HANDS ARE SO
COOL... IT FEELS GOOD!



DON'T WORRY
THEY WON'T
CLAMMY YOUR
ALL OVER ME.

THAT IS THE LAW



THAT'S HOW IS HOW,
WHAT'S YOURS IS HOW --
EVERYTHING IS HOW.





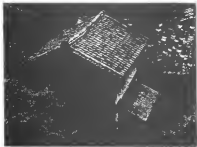








HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!







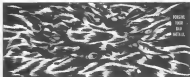


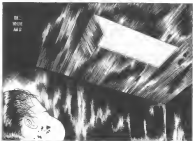
SEWER BOY

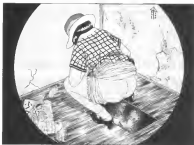
THINK I'M SCARED... BUT
I CAN'T CLAMP ON
THOSE FEELING SOUL
AND YOU WON'T
DROWN AT THE SAME.



FORGIVE
YOUR
SELF
FOR THIS.









-SPASH-



-SPASH-



-SPASH-



-GUP-

-GUP-

-GUP-

-GUP-









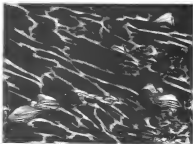












DO YOU
KNOW IT
THAT'S
THE WAY



DO YOU
KNOW IT
THAT'S
THE WAY



DO YOU
KNOW IT
THAT'S
THE WAY



DO YOU
KNOW IT
THAT'S
THE WAY

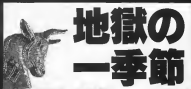
DO YOU
KNOW IT
THAT'S
THE WAY





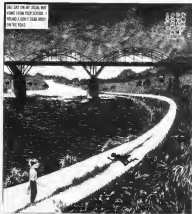


A SEASON IN HELL



ONE DAY ONE MY JOURNAL, WHEN
I WENT FROM THE HOUSE I
FOUND A CORN-COB AND
ON THE ROAD

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
JOURNAL



THE DOOFY-HEAD THIEVES
THANKS AND GOES IN
CART AND DRIFT.



TWO WHITE COWBOYS, BOB A
MICKLE-AGED COUPLE, LIE
BETWEEN THE CITY'S 1000'S
AND INTERESTED THE WHOLE
SCENE FROM
SOMEBODY.







AND YOU KNOW YOU'VE
BEEN IN SCHOOL BEFORE?

I DON'T
KNOW
ANY



NO ONE'S
HERE... I
WAS AT
IT.



WELL, I KNOW HOW
YOUR SON



HEARTY

WELL,
HELLO...

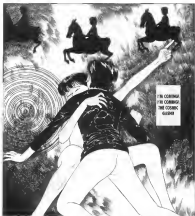


PREFERRING
THESE
MOMENTS
LATE













-CRUNCH-



-CRACK-



—CRUNCH—

—CRUNCH—

—CRUNCH—





SHIT SOUP



ウンコスープ の作り方

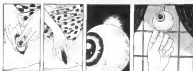
太陽男標



知らぬ人
知ってた
お前さん
のついでに
あるんで
すうで



丸 尾 末 広





IT'S A BIG
TREAT!



CAN YOU
SWEEET IN
YOUR
MOUTH?



す
-SLURP-



POPP...
POPP...



WOW!
DO YOUR
FINGER!







GO!!



YES! FINISHED!!



SCREECH



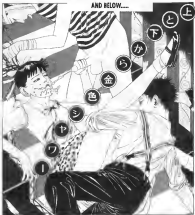






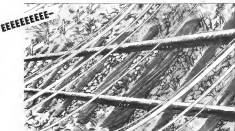


GOLDEN SHOWERS FROM ABOVE
AND BELOW...





WHEN YOU STARE AT THE SUN,
YOU CAN SEE ITS COSMIC CORE,
WHICH I STARE MY HEAD THE
SUN'S CORE CORES, AND BUILT
WITH THE WIND POWER OF THE
COSMIC CORE.





HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAHAHAHA



DURING MY BIRTHDAY, I ONCE HAPPENED TO TALK SOMEONE, BY CHANCE,
 IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY, BUT BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, SHE SAID "YOUR BIRTHDAY
 ISN'T", SHE SAID "WHEN I WAS A CHILD, AND I HAD TO GO TO SCHOOL, I WENT HOME
 -- THEN IT WAS PUNISHED AT A MIDDLE SCHOOL, THEN I WENT HOME TO
 IT IS A SCHOOL, BUT I HAD TO GO TO SCHOOL, THEN I WENT HOME TO
 THAT SHE -- IT'S ACTUALLY A VERY INTERESTING STORY, IF YOU
 THINK I'M LUCKY, TRY IT FOR YOURSELF -- HAHA!

THE GREAT MASTURBATOR

せんずり千太



犬神家のみなさん

丸尾末広



THE BODY CONFORMS A
CERTAIN FASHION TO THE
PLACE ON A PICTURE
RIGHT WHEN CAN THE
WHOLE BODY BECOME IN
THEIR OWN.

FOR
THERAPY
DON'T
IT'S A
VERY OLD
CURE





OH COOH GINKD IS BEING
BUTCHERED BY DADDY!!









JERRY ZOGAN AND
MICHAEL'S FIVE SISTERS
FROM ABOVE. THE
DOLBY PRINCE
WILL.



MICHAEL PRINCE JERRY ZOGAN
WITH HIS DOGS. FROM ABOVE THE
DOLBY PRINCE. THE PRINCE
ABOUT THE PRINCEING THE.





-CRUNCHHH-

-CRACK-











HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA





DOCTOR
IN
THE
SPY
GLASS
HAD
SOMEONE
TALK
HIS
OWN
LANGUAGE
—BAND



RAVEN OF OEDIPUS

腐

民のそこは及第の境に
あつた空だけ其處して
絶望を想ふ者を
してゐるのです
エディプス

夕

P U T R I D

N I G H T

夜

ツ



エディプスの黒い鳥

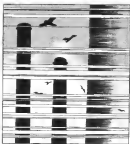




oooooooo



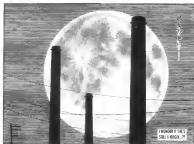












I WONDER IF SHE'S
STILL IN THERE...



NOT TELL I HAVEN'T

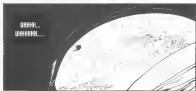


SHOW MY WORLD

SHOW ME YOUR
PUPPETS



HA HA HA HA HA!











SEWER BOY: PARADISE

童貞厠之助 パラダイス



DÔTEI KAWAYANOSUKE



-BO-

-80-



-81-

„BESCHAUEN SICH DAS!“



-80-



-SHINJI KAWA DOKUSHA-



—SUNNY
—SUNNY



—SUNNY
—SUNNY



-SPLAT-



HA
HA
HA
HA
HA



HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA







THAT SHOULD BE PLANTING OF SEEDS



EVEN A FUR WOULD SPEAK FOR YOU IF WE SAID YOUR PDS





A
A
A
A
A
A
H
H
H
!!











DEE DEE DEE, THE TRAIN GOES
SCREECH...

WE ARE BLACK SUNLIGHT, A
VORTEX OF ANAL SWEAT IN THE
SUCCULUM SEX.



屋根裏の哲学者

SUEHIRO
MARUO

VOYEUR
IN THE ATTIC



THE WORLD IS A FRAUDSHOW FOR MY
PEERING EYE'S DELICACY... I AM THE
GRAND ONE — THE VISION
IN THE MIND.



AMMI



I'VE ON THE
FUCK NEXT
DOWN FROM
DOWN.



WEE WEE, WEE WEE, WEE WEE WEE!!!







AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!



I HOPED I WOULD
RECOVER "IT"
IN THE
WOMAN'S
ROOM.



THE ONE BEST WAY
"IT" WAS LOST
IN THE HOTEL...



AND SO "IT" HOPPED AND
CRAWLED TO ITS SPOT
HE PULLED IT BACK AND
PUSHED IT FORWARD THE GROUND
AND THE WORLD TOOK...



AAAAAAAAA!!!

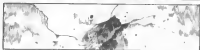
無 抵 抗 都 市
NONRESISTANCE CITY



SUEHIRO MARUO



—PSEEEEEEEEPPPP—









-SEARCH-



-SEARCH-















私、この頃蜥蜴が見えてくるのよ

VISIONS
OF LIZARD
ECSTASY...





MADAME: WHY SHOULD A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE YOU
HAVE TO LIVE SUCH A
MISERABLE LIFE?









—WHRRRRRR—



AAAH!!!



—WHRRRRRRRRRRRR—









HA HA HA HAI

HA HA HA HAI



HA HA HA HAI



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS
AFTER YOU GO TO THE
NANNING POLICE
BUREAU AGAIN!
SPACE FORGERS...





YOU CAN'T GET THE
STUFFAL MONSTER, AND
IN AUNTIE THERE.



HOW CAN THEY TELL
THE DIFFERENCE?

TO DIFFERENCE, ALL
JALAPENO PEOPLE
WANT THEM AND
WANTS.

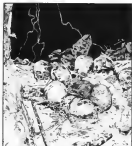


HOW'S LONG IS
DAD ALREADY GONE
AND RELAX.

OH, THIS
ABOUT THAT
TOO MUCH.



IT'S WORKING, BUT IT'S
GIVING UPON ME.
I'M NOT IT
SLOWLY LETTING
GO, AND I'M
A PIONEER.



HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND
MY DISTRESS

FOR LAST
ABOUT TWO
WEEKS AGO

YOU'RE TRYING
TO FEAR FROM
ME

COMPARED TO A
BOMB FALLING ON
THE PLAZA, OR
AN EARTHQUAKE
ABOUT

WHAT ARE YOU
AFRAID OF?

















ONCE UPON
A TIME...



THERE LIVED AN OLD
JOINT AND DOWDY



ONE DAY THE
BOY WENT OFF
TO THE SHOP



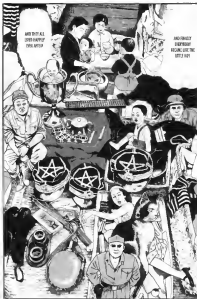
THE OLD COUPLE, WHO
WERE CHILDLess, AND
ADOPTED A LITTLE BOY
VERY



THERE, HE
SAID THAT
DOWDY WAS
VERY
DOWDY
VERY DOWDY







HA HA HA HA HA!



HA HA HA HA HA!



COME NIGHT

BE THE
COMEDIAN,
DAD



I AM REALLY
HAPPY

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU
SMILING AT LAST



BE YOUR OWN
DREAMS DAD
YOU'RE
LAUGHING...

BEHOLD
THE NEW
NEW MAN...





THE
WOMAN
IS
THE
ONE

THE
WOMAN
IS
THE
ONE







—CHIRP—



—CRASH—





-THUNNNKKK-





-CHOP-



-CHOP-



-CHOP-

-CHOP-

-CHOP-



-CHOP-

-CHOP-





















—BANGGG—





SWEEET LATE! YOU TURN
ME ON, OH BABY!



YOUR SON IS
ROCKY WHITE
AND A BARBARIC.



THAT SMART WHITE
A DOG?

OH, IS THIS THE
LITTLE BROTHER?



THAT'S BE SCARED GOING! I JUST
WANT TO HAVE MY NO.



-AIEEEEEE-

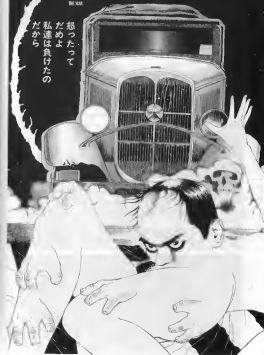






NO POINT GETTING
AWAY! BECAUSE WE LOST
THE WAR.

怒ったって
だめよ
私達は負けたの
だから



HUSBAND:

あなた！

HUSBAND!

あなた！

ドッパドッパ

UGH_____

UGH₁₀₀₀

UGH_____

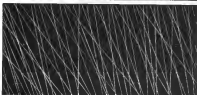




COULD
THE
FORDS
LAST?



TOPPERS FROM
HOLLYWOOD IS GLADIATING
WILLIAMS, JONES, AND
OTHERS FOR THE RIGHT
TO SURVIVE.







FOUR
HOURS AFTER A MAN
WAS SEEN DROPPING A
CARBONATE BOX
NEAR THE LAKE

THE MAN
WAS OF
VERY TALL
BUILD



A BOX FULL OF
CHILDREN'S BONES
WAS FOUND IN THE
LAKE IN UENO



A CHILD'S
BONES???

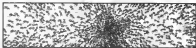
子供の骨!?

WE ALSO HEARD THAT HE
WAS SELLING THE CHILD'S
FLESH AS TAKTORU

EAT UP!











BANZAI!



BANZAI!

BANZAI!





YOU CAN'T CATCH ME.
IT IS YOU WHO
CANNOT ESCAPE.

電

YOU THINK I CAN'T
ESCAPE – BUT I CAN



REMEMBER

LOOK, YOU WILL HAVE
MONEY TO A BOUNTY
FROM NOW.



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!



HEY! COME
BACK!

MY TREASURE IS BACK,
WITH-OUT HURRYING!

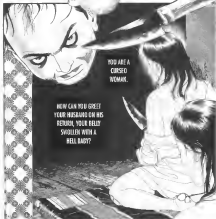


I WONDER IF HE IS
WATCHING ME, GLOATING
OVER MY SUFFERING,
FROM BEHIND A SHAM
ON THE WALL?

PERHAPS THIS IS
PART OF THAT
DANGER'S EVIL
PLAN.

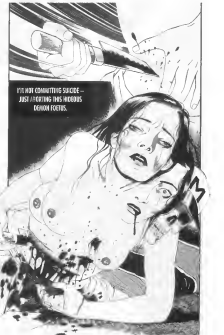


YOU SLEPT WITH THE
MAN WHO
BUTCHERED YOUR
CHILD, AND ATE
YOUR OWN CHILD'S
FLESH!



YOU ARE A
CURSED
WOMAN.

HOW CAN YOU GREET
YOUR HUSBAND ON HIS
RETURN, YOUR BELLY
SWOLLEN WITH A
HELL BABY?



I'M NOT COMMITTING SUICIDE —
JUST ABORTING THIS HORROROUS
DEMON FETUS.



BEFORE MY HUSBAND
GETS HOME, I WILL HIDE
AS A STAIN ON
THE FLOOR.

